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Bite upon the Miser :

O R,

Trick upon the Parson.

By a SAILOR.

To which is added

An ADDRESS to Britons.



Ballad upon the Miser.

Young Women if you will but draw near a-while
I'll sing you a Ditty will make you to smile;
And you that have covetous Parents draw near,
This Story is true that ever you did hear.

In fair *London City* there lived of late
A Miser who had worldly Riches so great;
He had a fair Daughter whom all did adore,
But he kept her single for Sake of his Store.

And many brave Gallants came daily to wooe,
But still with her Father they nothing could do;
For tho' he had thousands his Heart would not give
Him to part with his Money so long as he liv'd.

This beautiful young Creature divine,
She said, *No one's Fortune was like unto mine,
The Bloom of my Years I shall spend like a Nun;
My Father he likes ne'er a Lover that comes.*

*I fain would be marry'd, for well I do know
Old Maids are scorn'd when in Years they do grow;
And therefore I'll wed now when Beauty does bloom
I'm resolved to marry the next Man does come.*

So now I will leave this fair Creature a-while
'Till Fortune is pleas'd upon her to smile:
To mention a young Man of Courage so bold,
Whose Heart was noble, but who had no Gold.

He was a young Sailor that plow'd on the Main,
He home from the *Indies* but lately came;
Upon this fair Creature he soon cast an Eye,
For he was a Neighbour that lived hard-by.

He said, *For to court her it is but in vain,
Her Father no Suiters he will entertain,
Those that have Riches they must not come there,
But venture I will altho never the near.*

He writ to her thus, *Your Pardon I crave,
For Cupid, dear Madam, has made me your Slave,
I am but a Sailor (the Truth to unfold)
But True Love you'll find is far better than Gold.*

*In many strange Countries, dear Madam, I've been,
And many a beautiful Face I have seen,
But none ever wounded my Heart 'till I see
The Charms of my Jewel, so pleasing to me.*

*As soon as the Letter it came to her Hand,
By directing another she to him did send,
Saying, Sir, I do find you've a Passion for me,
But first with my Father you are to agree.*

*I courted have been by Lords of Renown,
My Father he sends them away with a Frown;
But if you can find any Way for to gain,
Me, by his Consent, I your Servant remain.*

*To court me, pray come in your tarpauling Dress,
Perhaps my old Father may like you the best;
It's true he has fought great Persons of Fame,
Who knows but a Sailor his Favour may gain.*

*The Sailor he dress'd him so neat and so trim,
And to see the Lady went whistling in,
Her Father, to see him approach the Room,
step'd up and ask'd him, *From whence do you come?**

*The Sailor he made him no Answer, we hear,
But step'd into the Room, and embraced his Dear.
The old Man, amaz'd this Adventure to see,
Cry'd, *Impudent Fellow, pray, who may you be?**

*She said, 'Tis a young Man, whom I do adore,
He'll marry me, he does not value your Store:
You'll not let me marry with one that has Gold,
And so I will wed with this Sailor so bold.*

*The old Man he instantly bid him be gone,
And said, *See that after her no more you do come:*
*Sir, I for a Parson my Daughter design,
And she's to be marry'd in a little Time.**

*The Sailor, amaz'd to hear what he did say,
With a heavy Art he went sighing away,
And the Daughtrer amaz'd this Change for to see,
Began for to ask who this Parson might be.*

*Her Father he answer'd, *A Man just and true,
One I am sure is the fittest for you;**

*He preaches the Gospel, your Soul he may save,
I like him before one, that's gallant and brave.*

This Piece of Divinity pray let me see,
That you are so willing should marry with me.
The Father he said, *You shall see him this Night,
If you fancy him, you shall be marry'd outright.*

The Night being come, the old Canter he came,
But sure such a Figure there never was seen;
Both old and decrepid, a Hump at his Back,
With his Nose and Chin, which a Walnut might crack.

The Cuff he came trudging up in the Room,
*By your Father's Consent, Madam, here I am come;
His Pleasure it is my Bride you shall be,
And a loving kind Husband I will be to thee.*

This Lady was proper, as many report,
He went to salute her, but he was too short;
He scarcely could reach up to her Apron-String,
He heartily begg'd her to stoop unto him.

The beautiful Creature to him said with a Smile,
*To stoop to a Dwarf I think not worth my while,
Indeed, Master Parson, fer to tell you plain,
Before I am wed I'll ne'er stoop to a Man.*

He said, If I have you, without ail Controul
I shall you advise for the Good of your Soul;
And therefore be humble and lowly, my Dear,
And then, to salute her, jump'd up in a Chair.

He eagerly kiss'd her, saying sweet are thy Charms,
I shall never rest 'till you are in my Arms;
So then her old Father came simpering in,
Saying, my dear Daughter, can you fancy him.

Dear honoured Father, the Lady reply'd,
Indeed to this dwarf I will never be ty'd.
The old Man down Stairs in a Passion did fly,
swearing to himself that the Sailor should die.

A Coachman he had that liv'd with him a Time,
a covetous Wretch after the Golden Coin,
a resolute Ruffian as ever you knew,
he secretly to this Fellow did go,

He told him if he a Secret would keep,
 He would him reward with Riches so great,
 If he would contrive the Sailor to kill,

That his daughter in Marriage might not have her will,

The Coachman protested the deed he would do,
 Ne'er fear, Sir, I quickly will make him to rue;
 But to his young Mistress the Coachman he went,
 And told her Father's most cruel Intent.

Her Father that Night being out of the Way,
 She sent for the Sailor without more delay,
 She told him her Father's base bloody design,
 saying, Now I will bite him of some of his Coin.

For this is the Night you murder'd are to be,
 'Till To-morrow Night you shall be with me;
 And when he does think that you murdered are,
 I'll make him believe that your Ghost does appear.

The Coachman he out in the Evening did go,
 as the Miser did think, the Job for to do,
 In two or three Hours he back did return.
 and told the old Miser the Job it was done.

Pray how did you kill him, the Miser he said,
 and where did you put him, John, when he was dead?
 He said, Sir, I tumbled him into a Well:

The old Man he laugh'd when the same he did tell.

But, Master, (says John) I'll lie with you To-night,
 For the deed I have done puts me in a Fright;
 I fancy he'll haunt me indeed in the End:
 says the Miser, ne'er fear, for the Parson we will send.

And he shall be with us Nights two or three,
 For he knows of the Murder, Boy, as well as we;
 And since we're all guilty, alike we shall fare,
 so sending for the Parson, to Bed did repair.

Soon as they were got in their gentle Repose,
 To the Chamber-door then the sailor he goes,
 The Blows he did give did sound like a drum,
 There, Master, (says Jack) the Ghost it is come.

Three terrible Groans did give, as we hear,
 Then softly crept into the Room to his dear.

The Parson his Hair stood an End on his Head,
With the Fright the old Miser he was almost dead.

The Father he look'd like one struck dumb,
In the Morning unto him his daughter did come,
she said what disturbance was that in the Night,
I am sure I heard something which did me affright.

The Parson said, Jewel, you need not to fear,
Satan hath no Power when I am so near,
If any Thing fright you, Love, call unto me,
'Till we're marry'd your Father's Bed-fellow I'll be.

She then seem'd pleas'd, and she gave him a smile,
and *Jack* he was laying the Plot all the while;
To get all Things ready the Ghost to array,
But the Parson he sat like a drone all the day.

They went to their Bed again when it was Night,
Her Father said, *Jack*, we will set up a Light:
It is a good Thought, Sir, the Parson he said,
I'll pray for you all, so be not afraid.

The Lady she dress'd up the Ghost, which when done
with a Torch in his Hand to the Chamber did come,
and gently moving then towards the Bed.

The old Man from the Pillow then lifted his Head.

And seeing the sailor appear all in Black,
He eagerly fasten'd upon his Man *Jack*;
saying, he'll have me without all controul,
O Parson, now pray for the good of my *Soul*.

The Parson croke down to the Middle of the Bed,
and the Father pull'd all the cloaths over his Head:
The sailor unto the Bed's Feet did Walk round,
and pull'd all the Bed-cloaths down on the Ground.

The Parson he shiv' with the Fright as he lay,
and the Miser cry'd. Parson, why don't you pray?
Pray, says the Parson, and am in such Fers,
Let's jump out of Bed, and run down the stairs.

They strove which should get first out of the Room,
The Parson he headlong the stairs tumbled down,
Jack laugh'd 'till he piss'd, for to see how his Hump
Upon every stair did go thump a-thump thump.

And as by the Ghost the old Miser did pass,
the burning-hot Link did run down his arse;
and after the Parson he tumbled down stairs,
still crying out, Parson, O Parson, your Prayers.

They open'd the door, in the street they did run,
the Watchmen with staves and Lanthorns did come;
saying, What is the Matter, the *Devil* they cry'd,
then keep him among you, the watchmen they cry'd.

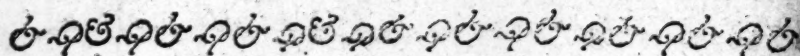
As naked they cringing did stand in the street,
the Sailor did put out his Link, and did creep
Up stairs to the Lady, where she kept him 'till Noon,
'till she could convey him safe out of the Room.

Next Morn 'twas mus'd all about, as we hear,
that a Ghost unto the old Miser did appear,
within a Week after he gave up his Breath,
and he left his Child all that he had at his Death.

The Parson a Courting he never came more,
she has marry'd her true Love, 'whom she did adore,
an hundred a Year unto Jack she did give,
and he is to keep it as long as he lives.

at their wedding-dinner they told the Game,
the Guests were pleas'd, none did them blame;
but truly commended this Couple has been,
since he would have acted so cruel a thing.





Address to Britons.

YE true British Subjects, whose Loyalty dares
To face the Pretender and all the Pope's Snares,
Exert all your M'ghts in sound Liberty's Cause,
and stand by the Nation, and stand by the Laws.

Derry down, &c.

Shall Popery and Rome her Tenets dispense,
Devoid of all Reason. devoid of all Sense?
Shall the Minion of France and the Dupe of old Rome
dispose of our Rights both abroad and at home?

derry down. &c.

Shall the Sons of Old England commence petty Slaves,
be govern'd by Rebels and Jacobite Knaves?
Shall Friars and Monks recover their Land,
And the Host pass in Triumph thro' City and Strand?

derry down, &c.

If Priest-ridden Tools would your Senses deceive,
Be cautious to hearken and slow to believe:
They'll tell you fine Stories to tickle your Ears,
and gild their Designs to dispel your Fears.

derry down, &c.

Possess of your Rights they will lead you a Dance,
and England must then be a Province to France;
French Laws, and French Customs, and despotic Power
Like Vultures will prey, and like Vultures devour.

derry down, &c.

10 JUL 52
Cape Breton we've conquer'd, Cape Breton we'll keep;
Nor suffer our Foes to cajole us asleep;
And Jemmy's Adherents we'll bring to the Block,
the Nation's united as firm as a Rock.

derry down, &c.